

14 LITTLE
COEDS

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**A-Cup Super
Puffies!**

**"HE LET HIS
BROTHER DO ME!"**

**CUDDLY CHEERLEADER
BUTT-SPREAD AND
LESBO BANGED!!!**

Channing

**"I'M TOTALLY
FLAT AT 19!"**

**5 SHY COEDS
BARED
IN BAR**

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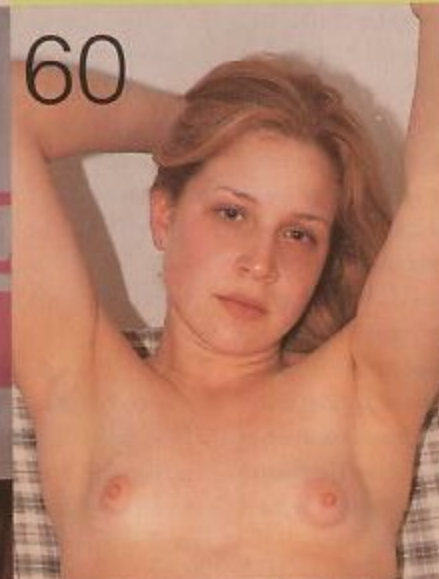
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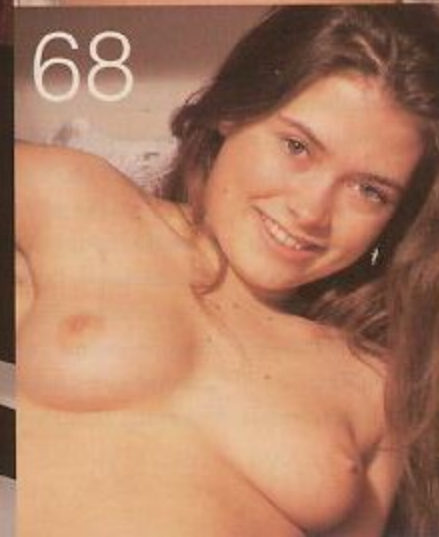
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Dear Diary

the secret life of coeds

double trouble

Maria is my very best friend forever, and now we're even closer than ever before. But I was so jealous because now that we're in college, even though she still lives in the same house as her mom, she has her very own apartment in the basement with its own outside door where her grandma used to live before she moved in the rest home. But that's not what I'm dying to write down. It's that sometimes that's how life is, like too strange and exciting. Because what happened was me and Maria decided that we should practice kissing. Not like two girls, but just innocently practicing like the other one was a boy. So we did that for kind of a long time. But then the next time I went over there it seemed like we accidentally started practicing again. And another time we were just kidding that we were pretending we were giving each other pelvises, and her new step-

dad walked in and caught us. Then even though I knew it was totally innocent I felt super-ashamed, but he was very not upset about it and said that it was a good thing that he caught us instead of Maria's mom because they've been having a hard time adjusting her medication. But he said that even though we're in college we're not too old to be punished. And he said even though he didn't want to, he was going to have to punish Maria. He said I could go if I wanted, but if I stayed I had to be punished, too. So then I stayed, because I couldn't leave Maria. She's my best friend!

Then he pulled Maria's panties all the way back down and she stepped out of them, and he told her to lay across his legs. And then he started to spank her bare butt. You could see it wiggle each time he hit it. He wasn't hitting that hard, I guess it was more of a symbolic thing for our own good. And then he made her put one leg down so she was spread over his

knees, and then he started to give her little spanks up the inside of her thighs and even spanked her on her little pussy until it was all blushing.

Then he let her get up, and her face was so red, and her legs were so shaky that she had to sit down on the edge of the couch, and he said it was my turn. It felt so funny to feel him pulling my panties really wide open and then he slowly lowered them over my legs until they were by my ankles, and I had to step up out of them. He slowly slid his thumb over my pussy and I couldn't even look in his face! Then he told me I knew what to do, and I laid down on his lap like Maria.

Then Mr. Roberts began to spank my bottom. Just really lightly, but it brought back so many feelings of when I was spanked for being bad that it made me feel kind of humiliated. But at the same time his hand felt so big and warm on my butt that in a weird way it felt kind of comforting. Like he was helping

me be safe and OK. Then he was spreading me apart, so I was hanging open over his knees, and he started to spank my pussy just like he spanked Maria's. I felt so open and exposed. He was spanking it not that hard, but in this very rhythmic way that was making me feel so funny and ashamed. But at the same time I was feeling really hot down there, temperature-wise. It was like my pussy was getting all self-conscious and hot and all my feelings were focusing there. Then his spanks were making this louder kind of wet sound, and then he stopped and I could feel his thumb rubbing on there. I could feel his thumb pushing my little pussylips apart, and trying to push its way inside. Then he said that he could tell that I was really a good girl, and he could tell that I was sorry. Then he told Maria to touch me there. I had totally forgotten that she was even still there, and I could hear him telling her to touch where he was spanking me, and feel how sorry I was.

She didn't say anything, but then I could feel her fingers gently touching me. I felt so wet there. And then he told her to put her finger inside of me, and it felt so weird and ticklish when she did it. But also so surprising and it made me feel funny in a way that was hard to think about. I couldn't help squirming and twisting around on Mr. Roberts's knees, and then I could feel myself making funny noises deep in my throat, and Mr. Roberts pulled me higher up, where his lap felt all lumpy. His voice sounded really funny and he was telling me to lay still, but at the same time he was pushing down really hard on me, and sliding me back and forth against him. And then he got super quiet and slowly let me go, and I just laid across his lap until he told me to get up.

Then Mr. Roberts got up and said he hoped us girls had learned our lesson. Me and Maria both said we did and none of us said anything about the big dark spot on Mr. Roberts's pants like he wet himself.

Guess what—the phone just rang and it was Maria. She said that she had this great idea, why don't I move in with her, in her apartment. She said she already asked and her step-dad said he thought it was a great idea. I think I'll definitely have to say yes!

—Cody

shortcuts

I was taking the shortcut back to the West Dorms

because I was in such a hurry, and I was coming down the embankment but then I totally slipped and fell on my butt and I slid all the way down to the bottom. I was picking up my books and stuff and then I felt a hand on my shoulder and it was the groundskeeper in his green uniform and he asked me if I needed some help and I started crying not from being hurt but because I felt so surprised and stupid.

And at first I couldn't even talk. Then he took a hold of my hand and helped me get up, and then he said maybe I better come over and lay down for a little while until I was sure I was OK. He took me to this building where they keep the rakes and stuff, and there was a shelf with a sleeping bag on there like for camping.

He told me I was kind of dirty and he started brushing me off with his hand. It felt funny to have his hand running down the back of my legs, and on my bottom. I guess I was really way dirtier than I knew, cause he kept brushing me off for such a long time, and it kind of tickled.

Then he asked me if I wanted a candy bar. It was such a sweet and silly thing to do that it made me feel like crying and laughing at the same time. But I just sat down next to him on the sleeping bag, and we split it. Like he'd take a bite, and then I'd take a bite, but when we got to the bottom he said it was for me, even though it was his turn. Which was so sweet I was just staring at him and wondering why boys my own age

aren't so sweet like that.

But then I guess he must have totally misinterpreted why I was looking at him like that, because he kissed me on the mouth, and even tried to put his tongue inside. It tasted like chocolate, and I pushed him away and got up. He seemed nervous and unhappy, and he said he was sorry if he scared me. I felt bad that I'd hurt his feelings. And then he said he had seen a lot of college girls in his time, and he wanted to apologize for thinking he could kiss a college girl, and that he didn't blame me for not wanting to kiss someone who was as old as him, who was nothing but a maintenance man. That made me feel so sad that he thought I was thinking of him as someone inferior, that I wished I could give him something to make him feel better, and then I just kissed him.

Then he said wait, and he put some music on the radio and came back and sat next to me, and kissed me again. I hadn't intended to do any more kissing, but I couldn't risk hurting his feelings again. So then I let him kiss me some more. He had his arms all around me, and it seemed like his hands kept getting tangled up in my clothes. And then he was kissing me so hard, like he was starving for comfort. I guess we were laying down at this point, because I felt his hand down between us and there was the sound of his zipper, and then I felt something big sliding so deep between my legs. My skirt had slid way up and he was trying to push past my panties with his

thing. Then I told him that I couldn't do that, but that I was committed to staying a virgin. I told him that it wasn't because of his job, but I had signed a pledge with some other girls from my sorority to keep our virginity for marriage.

I guess it took that a while to sink in, cause he seemed very far away. But then he just goes, "Whatever," and got off the ledge and knelt down in front of me, and he started pushing his tongue between my legs. He said, "I guess this won't monkey with your virginity," and he had my panties pulled over to one side, and he was making his tongue slide over my pussy. Then I was in such a quandary of wanting him to stop, but at the same time not wanting to hurt his feelings and also feeling like on a certain level he was right that he wasn't really threatening my virginity. And then it was feeling so interesting in such a confusing way that I wanted to learn more about. And it was like his tongue was making me have bigger and bigger feelings until I could hardly even tell where I was, and I could feel myself involuntarily clutching his face between my legs and pushing down on his head while my pussy went through this amazing meltdown around his mouth.

When I finally looked down, I could see that he had his thing in his hand, and there were strings of glop hanging off of it, and I think he must have been masturbating himself the whole time! Gross!

—Ginnie



KELLY

practice makes
perfect

age

18

from Houston, TX

I hope that you can imagine how totally psyched I was to make the squad in college!

Figuring I'm 18 and I've been entering state-wide cheerleader competitions since 7th grade, I've been doing it for almost six years—and I'm totally at my peak! Then we had to do this really hard one where you go way up and then land with one leg stuck out in front, and I guess I wasn't warmed up because I got a total charleyhorse. So the nurse gave me this deep-heat type lotion which made it all better. Except *then* I





must have accidentally gotten some too high up, cause my thigh went all tingly, and it even spread into my pussy region!

When I got home I was trying to study and stuff, but the whole time I could still feel my pussy tingling, and then I couldn't help rubbing my hand through my panties until I started to have this really big feeling down there, and I even got my hand inside so I could do it better. My fingers were making a thwacky sound and I could feel this electricity rushing up and down while my legs kicked. It was like WOW and it went on for a long time, in various degrees, and then Janie walked in on me. She's this older student who's in charge of the house, and I started trying to explain about the charleyhorse and everything and Janie goes, "Like you invented it." And then she pulled her top off, and I never noticed what beautiful breasts she had before. It was weird, like she looked totally different or something, and she took off all her clothes, and I was staring at her like she was the first naked girl I ever saw before, because it was a totally different experience. And then she got on the floor with me, and she made me lay on my back while she rubbed her pussy on mine. Which was so strange but exciting, because mine is smooth but hers is way hairy!



I could feel it tickling me and making my pussy get all jammed up again!

Then I was like "Oh oh oh" and then she grabbed my pussy with her hand, and I wrapped my legs around her hand, because it felt so super-sensitive down there, but she wouldn't stop, and I was totally twisting out from all the intense feelings I was getting. Afterwards I was totally staring at her pussy, and she goes, "You can touch it if you want to," and she put my hand on it. Then I kind of ran my fingers over it, and it felt like—it sounds stupid to say "interesting," but I don't know how else to say it. It was like my fingers were so curious to feel it. And somehow it was giving me these really strange exciting feelings to touch it. Then she got up and got some body lotion, and we put body gel all over our private areas.







Then Janie made her finger go up my butt while she rubbed my pussy really fast.

The feelings were so intense I almost died, and I did it to her, too! It was hard to stop! I almost hope I don't keep having this many intense feelings with her, because now it's really hard to even leave for classes, because all I want to do is feel her and have her feel me, and everything like that that we do with our tongues and fingers.

And now Janie said she bought a big dildo over the internet that you can wear on a belt, and that when it gets here she's going to hold me down and fuck me with it until I can't walk and I'm kinda scared but at the same time I'm so looking forward to it in a way that makes me feel it's such a dirty secret!





tight tales

the cherry chronicles

Do you find your brain wandering back to some favorite sex memory and reliving it, time and again? Well, why not tell us about it and take a shot at becoming part of TIGHT's ongoing oral (and anal) history project? If we use your story you'll not only have the satisfaction of knowing it's recorded for posterity, you'll get **\$100 and a free copy** of the issue where it appears!

We do reserve the right to edit all stories to conform with our requirements and protect the anonymity of individuals mentioned, but other than that, anything goes. So dust off those smutty memoirs, put them on paper and send them in. We love to hear all your real-life sex-sagas!

Send your true stories to
TIGHT Tales, c/o TIGHT
Magazine, 462 Broadway,
Suite 4000, New York, NY 10013

camel toes mid 1970s

I was pleasantly surprised to see your magazine for the first time, and now I look for it every month. Yours is the most kick-ass publication I have seen on the subject of young girls of a caliber that's worthy for college. I am an avid fan. In addition I have been thinking about how to make my "debut" of offering a story of my own and if you like it you are welcome to it. Although I'm not sure of the specific time-frame, it approximately dates to the early- or mid-'70s. Anyway it was when hot-pants were all the rage. That part's for sure.

I was seeing a girl I had met through a mutual friend. She was approx. my age of 30, but well preserved. We were more or less dating, and I'm sure we'd had sex by that time. But on one occasion we were going to a movie at the mall. (It billed itself as the "biggest mall east of the Mississippi"—a clue, in case you're interested where.)

When she told me over the phone her kid sister Carla was visiting for a week and tagging along I didn't even want to go anymore. But that changed when I laid eyes on her. She was just 18 but small for her age, and dressed very sloppy in bell bottom pants with long dish-water hair she wore pulled behind her ears with a face like a little fawn and freckles. She had on a little tie-dye T-shirt that showed off her rosebud tits. She was a spicy but innocent little handful, and would have

been perfect for your publication.

She sat on the far side, but I had my arm across my girlfriend's shoulder and I could just get a touch of her shoulder "by accident." I passed her the popcorn, but insisted on holding on to it for her so I could feel her little hand digging around in it. She had bought some kind of little candies for the show that came on an elastic you could wear like a necklace. She kept pulling those up in her mouth and loudly chewing on them. It would have been annoying on someone else, but on her I just wanted to bite them off her neck and then feed them to her off my tongue. If I could have frozen the whole world in that moment, I would have done it—and pulled her on my lap and blissfully fucked her little pussy raw.

After the movie we went for a walk so the girls could shop. The air conditioner had Carla's poofy little nipples sticking out so hard under her little T-shirt you could count every goosebump. I bought ice creams and Carla picked grape, and before long she had a purple mustache that I longed to lick off her for starters.

My girlfriend was in the bathroom and Carla was giving that cone long slow licks while she gazed expressionlessly up at me. Even though I know she wasn't experienced, you can't tell me that those licks were 100% innocent on all levels. Sometimes even otherwise inexperienced girls flirt like they're asking for it, even if they don't know what they're doing to a man. Like

giving them a hard-on, however inadvertent.

Then there was a round rack of hot pants and she wanted a pair so bad she couldn't hardly stand it. They were out of her price range, but she made us wait and she tried on a pair. She looked so good I was tempted to buy them for her. But something told me to wait, so when she put them back I casually noted the size. It was almost as if I was already planning something, and all night long I thought about it. Finally I was like, "Why not?" and the next day on the way home I bought a pair in pink velvet.

That weekend we were having a pool party at our apartment complex. Much as I'd hoped, Carla came, too. I got my girlfriend a couple of strong drinks, and left her in the hot tub. Then I went to find Carla and gave her her present. She was so excited to get a present, and when she saw the hotpants, she was ecstatic. But then she saw that they weren't the right size, and she almost cried. I acted like it was a total mistake I'd bought them a size too small. I told her she should at least try them on and I knew she wouldn't be able to resist.

When she walked back out of the bathroom I could feel my cock go rock-hard in my pants. They were so tight it was like her little butt had been dipped in velvet. And when they caught the light you could see every nook and cranny. They were even climbing up the crack of her pussy, showing it off to perfection. It was a testament to my moral

standing that I didn't jump her on the spot.

I told her she looked great, and she ate it up. Like most girls she wanted to be talked into doing what she wanted to do in the first place: namely, wear them. When she walked out on the patio she was a breather. I loved watching every man there fucking her with his eyes. They couldn't take their eyes off her velvet-encased pussy. She kept pulling down on the pantlegs like she was trying to cover herself, and she couldn't have been more adorable. At one point she dropped something, and when she bent forward to get it I almost fainted. You could clearly see her pussy-pack from the back, my favorite view.

I went and checked on my girlfriend and she was making out with a couple of guys I never saw before. With her safely out of the way I made my move and told Carla I had another present for her. Her eyes were big like saucers, and she didn't

resist following me back in the apartment to see what it was. I felt scared but excited in the pit of my stomach as I put it in her hand. It was a little scoopneck top the salesgirl had picked out to match the pants. When she came out of the bedroom she wanted to know if it looked OK, and I could hardly talk. It was as skintight as the pants, and you could see her little tiny boobs underneath like they were showing off. She wanted to know if it was "too tight," and I managed to say it was perfection.

I went up to her and pretended to fix the neck tag. I fiddled with that, then I tugged back and forth on the sides of the shirt like I was straightening it, but in reality I just wanted to watch her little tits rub against the stretch-fabric. I could see her skin flushing down her neck, but she seemed so passive. It was like she knew something was up, but was willing to let me do whatever I wanted. Like she thought she had to, or

something. Not that I was arguing with that. So then I started fiddling with the neckline, and I just lightly passed my hands over her boobs, just barely touching down as I went over her nipples a few times.

Her eyes were level with my chest, and she looked up at me with such a face of confusion, I almost felt guilty. But not guilty enough to stop. Then I told her I had a waterbed, and I pretended that it would be fun for her to see what laying on that was like. I don't think I was imagining that we both knew where this was going, but it was like as long as we both pretended it was all just innocent stuff, then we could keep on going. I got her on the bed and we bounced up and down while it moved under us like a wave. Then I pulled her down on the bed and grabbed her arms over to the sides and started kissing down her mouth and neck. She fought a little, but then she just went limp. I got on top and rubbed my crotch against hers. She asked about her sister and I told her we'd broke up. Which wasn't a total lie, because I did plan to break up with her as soon as I got the chance. I worked my hands under her shirt and felt her boobs, and when I pulled up her shirt and started to lick she didn't struggle. I licked my way down to her navel while her belly jumped like a fish.

I undid the snap on her hotpants, and started on the zipper. That finally got a rise out of her, like making her giggle and roll over on her belly. But then I went back to kissing and licking her neck and back while she twitched less and less until she relaxed and just went limp like before. That's when I started peeling her pants off, and when I pulled her hotpants down, her panties came with them, and my eyes feasted on her white, white ass. It was pure white as milk, and just jiggle enough to make me so horny I could imagine popping my wad off just from the sheer pleasure of grazing it. I couldn't keep my mouth off it. I kissed it all over and it was "soft as a baby's" and slowly spread her legs and kissed

my way down her crack until I was at the back of her pussy. Every time my lips touched it she flinched, but she never told me I had to stop. I started tasting and licked it fast and slow until it was wet with anticipation. Then I decided to go for it and got my dick out.

I was gazing down at her ass perfection as I watched the head of my dick nibbling on her spread, wet pussy lips. I told her I was going to make love to her, and she didn't say a word. She was so tight I could hardly get the head in. Her pussy was so beyond snug I couldn't hardly make any headway, but I couldn't give up now. I probably added some spit, I don't remember, but I do remember it was wet, and that I slowly sank my meat into her until she had me gripped so tight it felt like her pussy-vise was grinding me up like a sausage as I slowly worked my meat in and out of her. I was going so deep I felt like I was hitting bottom, and I couldn't wait to spread my sperms around in there. I also couldn't keep my fingers off her pussy, and I was feeling my dick going in her, and running my fingers all over her little pink lips. It was like there was an electric connection to every nerve in my body, from my fingertips to my dick to my toes scraping against the bed for traction. Finally I shot off what felt like such a big load I felt like I must be hosing every square inch of her pussy with my cum. After that my balls were so drained I couldn't even move. I just laid there on her until her little pussy squeezed my wet dick back out of her tight confines.

I remember the big sister was nowhere to be found. I gave her a ride home and just as she was getting out she jumped back over and she kissed me really hard, then ran up to her door without looking back in a way that still tugs on my heart. She had to leave the next day, and I never saw her again. I guess her sister, too, was guilty for being a slut at the party, because I never saw her again, either. That part was a relief.

—“L. Diabolo”



Channing

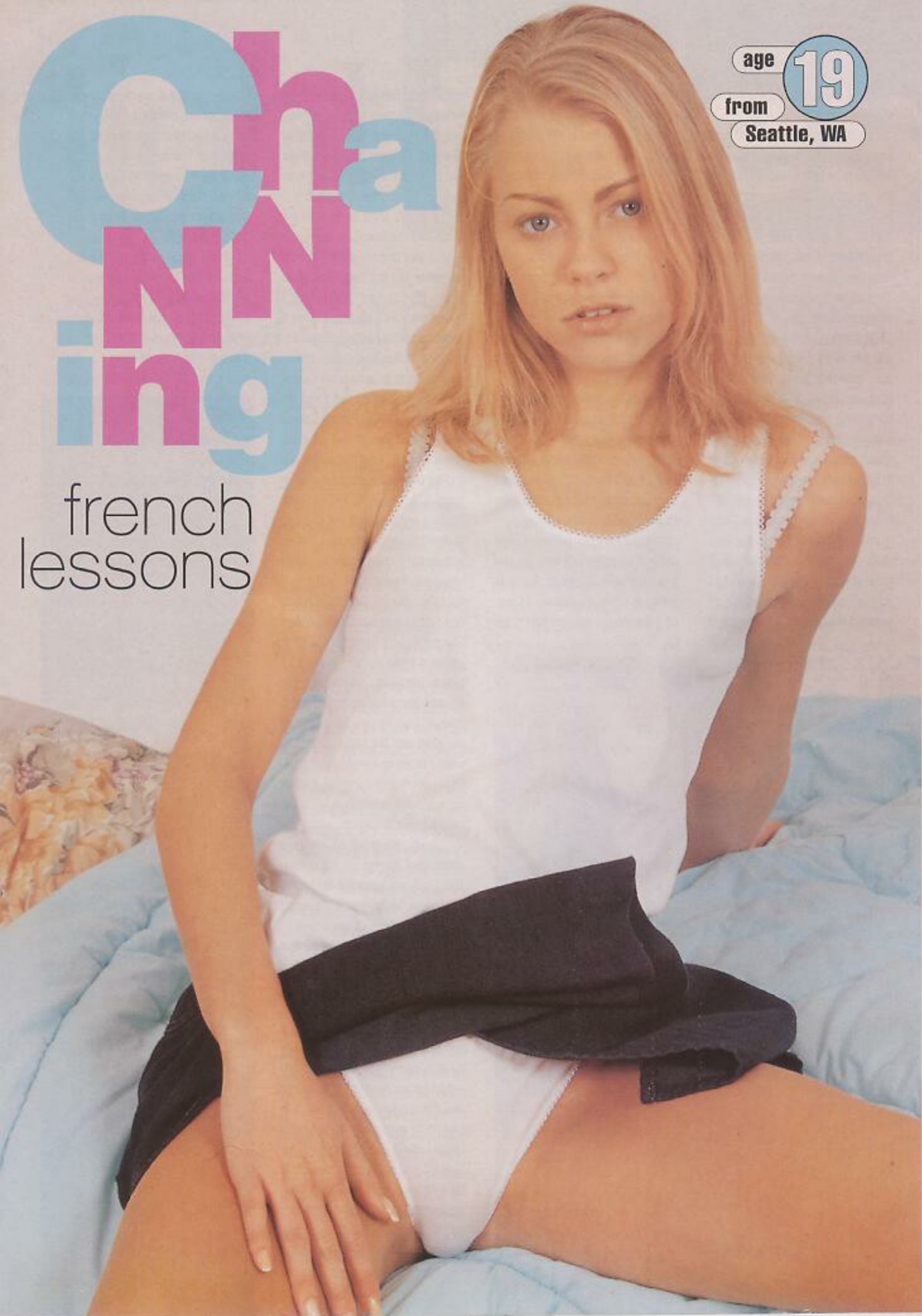
french
lessons

age

19

from

Seattle, WA





Last night I dreamed they threw my senior prom all over again.

Only everybody was one year older now—like 18, or 19 (like me). Only this time my date was Prof. Hoyt from Grammar Workshop. The first surprise was how good he danced, and then he stuck his hand up my dress and I could feel his finger keep touching me until it began to slide inside. My skirt was lifted up really high and all the boys were standing in a circle watching and they all started touching me, too, and making me all slippery! And unexpectedly I could feel myself having the hugest feelings that I couldn't help, and I woke up while I was still having the last aftershocks of it. And when I touched myself I was all wet down there! So then I went over to Callie's bedroom (she's one of my roommates) and woke her up. I had to whisper because her boyfriend Sean was sleeping over. Which I totally didn't approve of, but I was trying to be open-minded because I know it was just the way she was raised and she couldn't help if she's from France.

So then Callie snuck over and got in my bed and I told her what happened and she touched me, and she said I was so wet! She said she had to pull my panties down for a closer look, and then I felt too shy. She put her face up really close and I could feel her touch me, and it was her tongue! I asked what she was doing but she just pushed me on my back and kept going and I started having the wet feeling, just like my dream, and moaning. But I think it must have woken up Sean because I looked up and he was staring down at us with such a strange look on his face and I noticed his shorts were sticking out, and then he just got naked! He got down next to Callie and started licking me instead. Then I felt so guilty and ashamed!



I thought, "This is *so wrong*—plus, how does Callie feel about it?!"

But instead of hating me, Callie got on top of my chest and kept getting closer until her pussy was rubbing on my face. And she was all wet down there, too—like it was catchy! She goes, "Just do it!" And I knew she meant do what *she* was doing to *me* before, and I felt so scared but also like it was almost normal on some level. So I started licking on her little hairs, and I hardly touched her before I felt this little stream spraying across my face while she moaned. And almost at the same time I could feel something strange rubbing against my wet place, and I didn't know what it was—I couldn't see with Callie in the way. And Sean goes, "Can I fuck you, Channing?" and I could feel his thing slowly trying to push inside. I let out a big ouch because it felt so tight and uncomfortable, but Callie was rubbing herself so hard on my face I couldn't even talk while Sean was making it go all the way inside me. Then Sean was really excited, and moving so fast in and out of me, and then Callie's pussy got so wet, and she started moaning even louder and Sean goes, "Yeah, cum on her face, Callie," and he started making sounds that weren't even words, and I felt myself filled up so tight, and I started having those feelings and getting super wet all over again!

Then all three of us slept together in the same little bed, and later that night me and Callie laid side-by-side and kissed while Sean took turns putting his thing in us, and I even had to lick his stuff out of Callie's pussy! Now I know I'm not exactly the same girl anymore, but I'm in a new phase I will just have to wait to understand.











Becca

age

18

from Kansas City, KS

look of
love

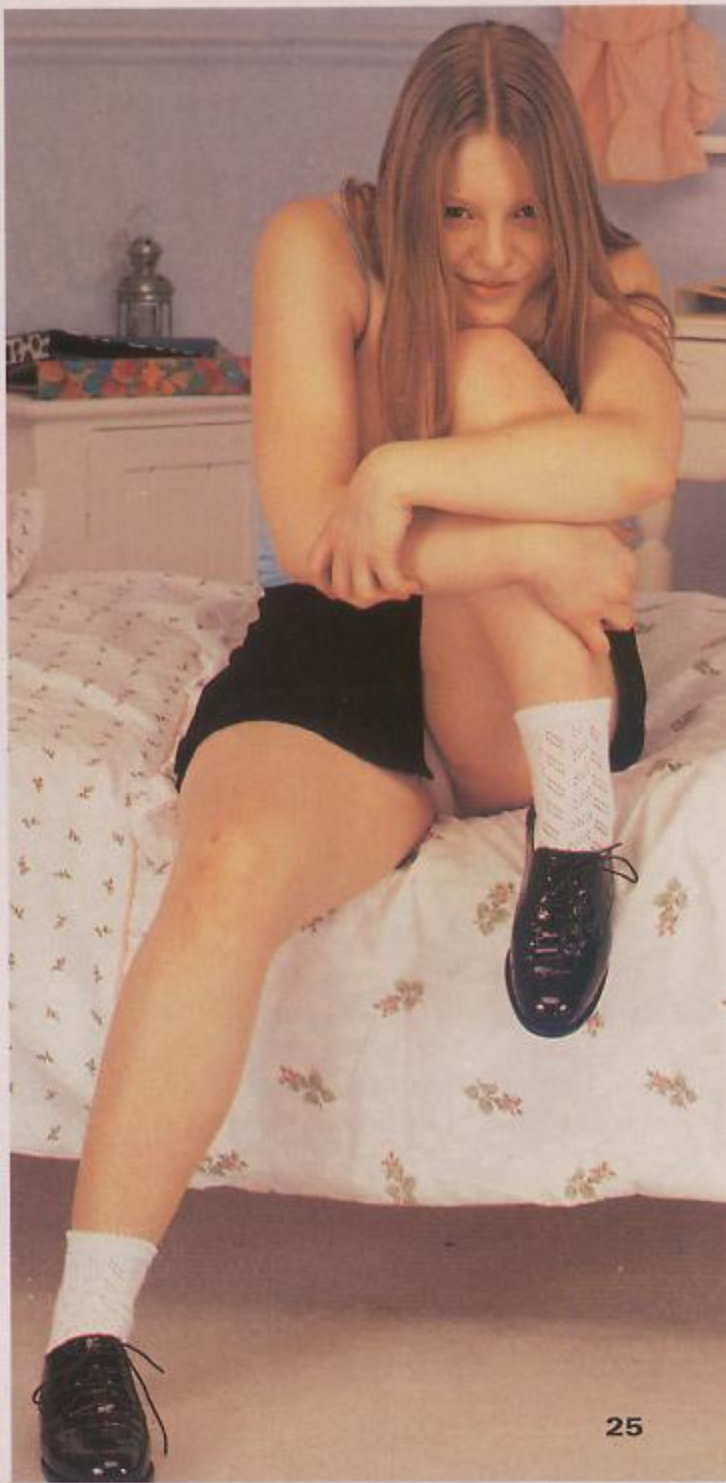


Do you believe you can love somebody before you can even help it?

Well, if you don't, you never met Brent, the RA (Resident Advisor) in my dorm. He has revealed so much to me in my 18-year-old lifetime, some of which I almost feel too shy to discuss here.

It was when I was having so much trouble with Calculus, and he said he could stop by my room and give me some extra help. How generous is that!? But it was still so hard that despite his patience I got so frustrated that I almost cried, and he said I just needed to relax, and then he started to rub my shoulders. His hands felt so hot beyond a normal temperature when they touched me, like they were burning right through me! He kept working on

my shoulders and then he went lower, and I didn't stop him, even when his fingers gently slipped under my top. It was like I didn't have the energy to resist, or even the desire. That's the first inkling I had that I loved him. Then he started undressing himself and I looked away, but he said, "Becca, look at me," and then I did while he got all the way naked. I guess I'd seen my baby brothers naked before, but he was the first man, and while he undressed me I felt so ashamed like I was doing something so wrong. Then he began running his hands over my naked body and telling me how beautiful I was, and I know that he meant it—I could just tell!



Then he told me to open my eyes and I didn't even know that I'd shut them. But when I

opened them I saw that he had put his thing in my face and he told me to kiss it. I did what he said, but it seemed like the more I kissed it, the more it wanted more kisses. Then he pressed it between my lips and told me to suck on it. That was very difficult because even though I kept moving my head backwards, it kept getting stuck in the back of my throat and making me cough! But Brent was very patient, and then he slowly pulled it out and laid down next to me and began to touch me down there.



It wasn't pee or anything, but I couldn't believe how mysteriously wet I felt!

He said "You're a virgin, aren't you?" and then he rolled on top of me, said he was going to fill me with his love. That was the hardest part so far. Then he told me to open my eyes again, and he was staring deeply into my eyes as he made the very end go in and out of me, and it was like I could feel his eyes penetrating me as well somehow, and then he held me down by my shoulders while he slowly pushed the whole thing way up in me, and it hurt so much, but he said it was necessary, and that the worst part was over. And he was telling the truth, because even though he kept doing it, it didn't hurt as much, and in fact something fascinating started to happen. He began kissing and biting my lips, and he whispered, "Now I'm going to fill you up for real!" And it felt so hot and burning inside, and then I was so filled with his love that I could even feel myself overflowing.

He's been coming over for tutoring every night this week, and somehow we always can't help making love, so I guess that proves our feelings are true. I always wondered how you could be sure if you fell in love, and now I know your heart just tells you!





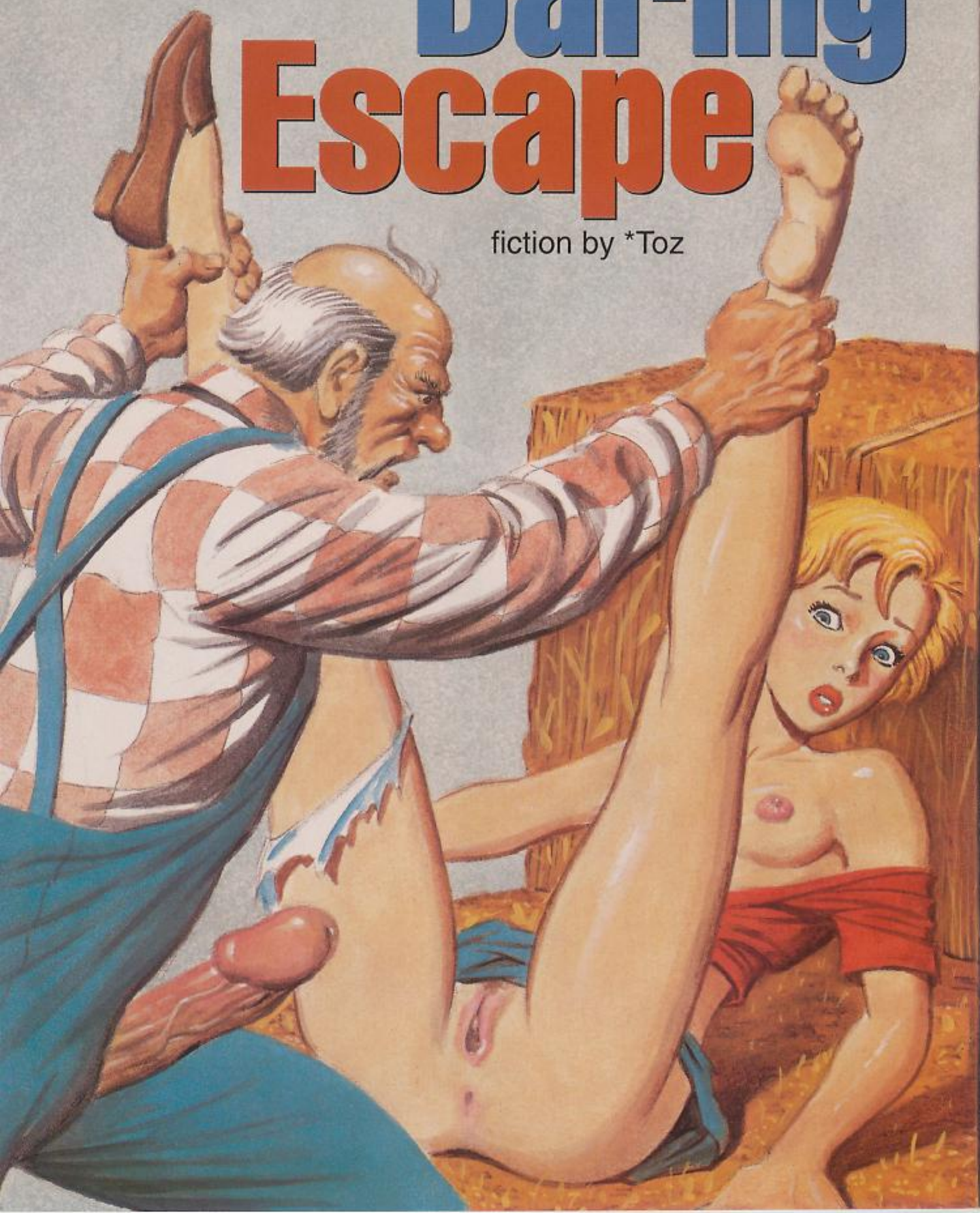






Dana's Daring Escape

fiction by *Toz



It was dark when Dana awoke and she had no idea where she was. She only knew it was raining outside and she was lying on a narrow cot in a chilly, musty smelling room. She had a pounding headache and her mouth was dry. In the darkness, she could see a faint outline of yellow light seeping through a door on the other side of the room. There were voices beyond the door, gruff and masculine.

Dana moaned, rolled over on the squeaky cot, and hoped that it was all a dream...that any second she would awaken in her own soft bed, with the familiar blankets and odors, the posters and old stuffed animals, the closets and dressers overstuffed with her clothes.

She shivered and hugged her bare arms, realizing that she was still wearing her loose-fitting gray sweat shorts and skimpy white tanktop, which she had shrunk so that it stopped just above her flat stomach and cute little belly button. The memories started to return...*she had gone running that afternoon and at the end of her workout had stopped off at the bank to withdraw some money so that she could join her other college-bound friends that night on a clothes buying spree at the mall. But something had gone dreadfully wrong...*

The voices from the other room grew louder. She heard a deep baritone laugh and the sound of a wood chair scraping the floor. Like a slowly unfolding nightmare, the events of that afternoon came back...*she saw the bank teller trembling, the masked men with the guns pointing, the fat man pulling her roughly out and into a waiting car...the unshaven face and cold blue eyes of the driver peering back at her...the obscene laughter...my God, I'm a hostage!!!*

And with that realization came the urgent need to flee. The young eighteen-year-old sprung up off the cot, heart rapidly pounding. She brushed her short cut blonde hair back behind her ears and nervously bit her index finger. The floor was cold and she noticed for the first time that she was barefoot. Someone had removed her sneakers and socks. The thought of one of the bank robbers touching her body made her wince with disgust. Things were coming back to her swiftly. The pain in her right arm along her slender bicep reminded her of the needle—she had been drugged! How long had she been out?

The door to the room suddenly burst open

and two shadowy figures entered. There was a click and the room exploded with light from a single bright ceiling bulb.

"Sleeping Beauty has arisen," said the fat bald man who entered the room first. Dana thought he looked like an out-of-shape ex-wrestler with no neck. The other man was short and thin with a face like a ferret. His voice, when he spoke, was less gruff. "Do you need anything?" he asked.

"Oh, no," Dana replied sarcastically. "I'm just fine. The accommodations are excellent."

"I know what you need, you smartass little cunt," said the burly man, taking a step towards her. He paused and glanced back at the other man. "Has she got a hot looking body or what?"

"Relax Rocco," said the shorter man. "The boss gave strict orders. No damaged goods."

"What the fuck you using my name for?"

"Shit." Ferret-face shook his head in apology. "Sorry."

"Besides, I ain't going to damage her. I'm just going to give her a little lovin'."

The fat man turned to move on Dana, who waited like a panther ready to spring, but again the other man stopped him. This time he grabbed the fat man's arm. "Forget about it."

"Forget about it? Look at her! The little tease is driving me nuts with that tight top and those shorts! Let go of my arm."

"I said forget about it!"

The two men were suddenly grappling in the middle of the room. Dana saw her opportunity and knew that she would have to be quick. With a burst of speed, she ran up to the short man with both arms extended and pushed him with all her might, sending him crashing into Rocco. Both men fell in a tangled heap, cursing and flailing their arms.

Dana sprinted into the outer room, her mind registering details. To her left was a card table with lit cigarettes resting in the ashtray. To her right a kitchen with a cluttered sink and empty beer bottles poking from a trash basket. And straight ahead, past the dismal furniture and dull yellow lamp was the front door. She ran for it without hesitating and suddenly she was outside in the rainy night, racing off the porch, down the driveway, into the dark woods on the side of the road.

Adrenaline fueled her lithe body and soon she had put a great distance between the bank robbers and herself. The rain soaked her

clothes, making them stick like a second layer of skin. The outline of her nipples poked through the lycra material of her top. At one point she scratched her foot on a rock, but it didn't slow her down. She continued to run until her stomach started to cramp, forcing her to stop. She leaned on a thin sapling, one hand on her hip, bending at the waist and gasping. She looked back at the direction she had come and saw nothing but black woods. She listened closely, but the only sound was the raindrops pattering the leaves of the trees.

She had escaped—now she had to find out where on earth she was.

Dana started forward, walking slowly, trying to gauge her location. Soon she came to an open rain-swept cornfield. Thinking that at some point a house would be attached to the field, she walked between the rows of wet stalks, her bare feet sinking in the ground. Her toe-nails, which she had painstakingly painted red the night before, were now covered in mud. This was *not* the way she wanted to spend her last summer before college. When she finally reached the end of the cornfield and saw the silhouette of a farmhouse a few hundred yards away, she almost cried for joy.

A dirt path led up to the house, which appeared to be in complete darkness. Near the barn that loomed beyond the house was a tractor and a long flat building with a silo.

Elated by her luck, Dana trooped up to the silent house knowing exactly what she would do: first she'd call the police and report what she knew about Rocco and the other robbers, then she'd call her Daddy who she knew would drop everything and rush right out for her—that is, once the farmer who lived here told her just exactly where she was.

She walked up the porch to the front door and knocked loudly. After no one answered, she knocked again, this time loudly and insistently. Time was not an issue for her. So what if some farmer was sleeping? She was cold and wet and needed help. "Come on, you hicks, wake up!" she almost shouted, pounding on the door with her little fist.

Abruptly the door swung open and an angry looking man dressed in a white tee shirt with unslung suspenders stood before her holding a lantern.

"What is all the commotion?" he demanded in a thickly accented voice.

"I need to use your phone," Dana said,

boldly brushing past the man and stepping into his house. "I'm cold and wet and I've been held hostage and, like, I've spent the last jillion hours tearing through that friggin' forest and I cut my foot and I need to use your phone."

The man looked at her sternly. He held the lantern in his extended right hand and moved it up and down as he took a better look at her. Dana saw how his eyes lingered on her wet gleaming bare legs, her flat belly and pert breasts. He was younger than she had at first thought, although he was still pretty old—at least in his forties, she judged. He had a broad face and a steel-gray beard that came down the sides of his face in a narrow line and poked out at his chin like the bristles of a brush.

Dana grew impatient. "Come on, Mister, where's the phone?"

"My name is Gunnar. There is no phone here."

"What?"

Gunnar shook his big head and stared at her tits. It made Dana a touch uncomfortable, but then she realized he was way too old to have any sexual inclinations—not like the horny High School boys back in town.

"No phone? That's just great!" she said with disgust. "Well, at least let me e-mail my Daddy."

Gunnar gave her a puzzled look. *What a dope*, she thought.

"You know, e-mail. Electronic message." She addressed him in a voice she would use talking to a six year old. Gunnar shook his big head. He was a hulking man, at least six-four, and from the odor Dana was picking up, she figured that bathing was not a priority in his life.

"Come into the kitchen," he finally said. "You may sit and warm yourself."

Dana sighed and followed his lumbering shape down the hall. "Can you at least tell me what time zone I'm in? Like, I'm still in the 20th century, right? But where?"

"You're in Lancaster," he said with a solemn nod of his head, motioning for her to sit as he set the lantern down on the thick legged wooden table. "We are Amish here."

"Yeah, well, great. But that doesn't help me does it? I mean, no phones! Jesus!"

Gunnar glared at her and muttered something in German that she didn't understand. "Can you at least drive me home?" she asked. "My Daddy will pay you."

Gunnar thought a moment, stroking his beard. He seemed to find her bare legs hypnotic because he kept staring at them. "In the morning," he finally said. "We will take the buggy into town. From there you can make your calls."

"Buggy?"

Again, Gunnar looked at her sternly, frowning his wide brow.

"All right, all right, don't look so mad. Can I at least get a shower and change out of these wet clothes?"

Gunnar looked down at the young girl. It had been five years since his faithful wife had passed on, and he had given all her clothes to the Elders to be dispersed throughout the community. Five long years since he had felt the Devil's breath in his loins. He could not keep his eyes from gazing at the harlot's scantily-clad body. The sight of her stirred him with unholy passions, just as his wife's warm thighs and pretty mouth had often done. The poor departed woman had suffered much for his sins. Three times a day he summoned her to the bedsheets. How her body used to ache by nightfall.

"Well?" prodded Dana.

"I will find a dry shirt and trousers."

"And the shower?"

"I will bring a tub of hot water."

Dana let out a mirthless laugh. "So you're saying no shower either?"

Gunnar ignored her and left the room. She sat back in the chair with her arms folded below her chest, pouting, blinking back tears. *It was so unfair!* She waited, shivering and cold. When Gunnar didn't return in ten minutes, she grew even more impatient and left the kitchen to look for him. In the narrow hall, at the foot of the stairs, Gunnar had lit a candle, the light from which Dana used to navigate her way upstairs. The second floor had a cinnamon and pine scent that made her feel like she was in the woods again.

A patch of pale light emitted from one of the bedrooms. She heard a rapid slapping sound coming from the room. When she walked through the door she froze at the sight—Gunnar was sitting on the edge of the bed, his hairy forearm resting on his bare thigh, fisting and enormous erection. Dana gasped, amazed not only at the Amish man's lewd behavior, but also by the astonishing size of his penis, which jutted out from his

groin like a plank of wood, as thick around as the rim of a coffee mug.

"WHY ARE YOU SPYING ON GUNNAR?" he shouted, springing up from the bed.

Dana was at a loss for words. She started to stutter a reply, but the bearded man grabbed her wrist, his huge cock poking against her ribs, a dewy drop of pre-cum bubbling from the tip.

"Harlot!" he accused. "You come into my house and incite me, then you mock my ways."

"No, it's not like that..."

"Silence!"

The next thing Dana knew she was staring up at his groin from the hard mattress of the bed. He had straddled her, his knees pressing against her shoulders, the swollen head of his cock jabbing at her mouth. "Suck Gunnar's cock, wench!"

He pinched her cute nose with his thumb and forefinger, causing her to open her mouth in surprise. When she did, he rammed his cock deep inside. Using both hands, he gripped her head and drew her closer, forcing her to take more of his lust-hardened pole. Dana felt like her cheeks were being stretched to the limit as Gunnar began to fuck in and out of her mouth. Suddenly his jerking testicles started to spasm and his hot male liquid poured down her desperately gulping throat. She tried to swallow every drop of his cum, but his load was so copious that it dribbled out past her lips and down her neck.

Gunnar pulled his semi-flaccid penis from her mouth, stringing a line of sticky cum over her tank-top. Dana coughed up more of the cum over her chin. "Hey," she gasped. "Wait..."

But Gunnar had already removed her shorts and panties. He pulled her to the edge of the bed, spread her thighs with his elbows and peered at her smoothly shaven pussy as if he were a starving man at a banquet.

"Stop—what do you think this is?"

"Quiet," he hissed. "You have put the Devil back in my loins."

Dana's eyes automatically lowered to the man's groin as if expecting to see red horns growing there. What she did see was just as remarkable for Gunnar's penis was growing before her eyes.

The Amish farmer opened her labia with his coarse thumbs, then pried open her cunthole

continued on page 76

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Sexy Saver's 1st scene. Bridgette Belle does d/p. Pearl does anal with 2 guys. Alyssa Love fucks Vince. All anal edition!



18 year-old Mickey's very 1st scene. Candy shows us how it's done! 18 year-old Jade gets loud. 18 year-old Jessica masturbates.



18 year-old Camille prefers black dick. Hot redhead Amber does 2 guys. Kelli gets herself off. Amytheist does 3-way.



Leanni Lei does 2 guys. Teri Starr cums 4 times. Asian Susie humps her pillow. Bobbie Rae does deep, meaningful anal!



Cute 18 year-old Lea with braces wants deep anal. 18 year-old Alysia loves sex. Tye fucks anal. Dominica masturbates.



Dominica does 1st anal. Brigitte fucks outdoors. Reyna's 1st scene is by the fireplace. 18 year-old Tangerine masturbates.



Sexy Kai fucks white Colt. Kelly does 1st d/p. Latina Naomi likes rough sex. 18 year-old Ivory sucks her black boyfriend.



Wildcat takes it in the ass. Temptress can swallow the dick whole. Sultry Vanessa's 1st scene. Sexy Passion gets herself off good.



Blonde Alana prefers black Marcus. 19 year-old Aussie 1st-timer Amy. Caramel fucks Tony's big dick. 18 year-old Honey's 1st scene.



Stormy from Texas does 1st anal. Blair does 1st anal. Maria has anal orgasm. Jasmine likes to watch porn while masturbating.



19 year-old Sandy likes fucking girls. She does Teri & Taylor for her 1st scene! Teri fucks long and hard. Cherry's first scene.



18 year-old Asian Nia does anal with her boyfriend. Princess does 1st scene. Kiki jerks off. Stephanie does 1st anal scene.



Jenny from Hungary fucks Brick. Texas gal Vanity rides 'em rough. Renee masturbates. Kim fucks Teri with strap-on.



19 year-old Candi cums twice! Halo sucks off black boyfriend. Italian Tina fucks Alec. Kurious does 1st scene with boyfriend.



19 year-old Chantay tries anal. Mia makes 1st-timer Eva squirt. Violet's 1st scene. 19 year-old Muffin sucks hard!



Horny Filipino sisters Charmaine & Leah show their stuff! Southern belle Katie gets loud. Aussie beauty Vivi Anne loves J.J.



It's 19 year-old Peach's 1st-time. Karolin jerks herself off with mirrors. Daisy rides Marcus' black pole. Laxi loves wet sex!



19 year-old Sage loves it deep in her ass. Emerald does her first DP. Alexis first scene goes great! Shera blows Pete with real style.

"Real Sex Magazine's strongest suit are the variety of fresh new faces and the ability of the faces to suck in whatever is thrust their way." **Rating: Fully Erect!-Hustler Erotic Video Guide.** "We've praised a few other 'new girl' series, but Real Sex Magazine has proven to be one of the best!" **Adult Video News.**

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Hey all! Thanks for your site recommendations. Remember, though, that all the sites I review must have a disclaimer stating that the models are over 18. If not, no review. Also, I only do pay sites if they have significant free content, or are in some way really fantastic. I found some great stuff this month, so let's get to it.

It takes a little work to find the pictures on **Teen Forever** (<http://www.teenforever.com/>), but that's just the way it is with a free site. The 10 thumbnails are very nice, professional but not too polished. The chicks are skinny-skinny, with more than a touch of that adolescent gawkiness. Nice tan lines, nice spreading. Let's hope they update once in a while; it doesn't say.

Pussy Fuzz (<http://www.pussyfuzz.com/>) is the free version of the pay site **Peach Fuzz**. There are nine photo galleries, each with about 20 pics! Pretty impressive. The first lesbian shoot was uninspired; check out Celeste and Marie for the real thing. Blonde Crystal has plentiful natural titties and you get to see pixie-ish Jody play with a nice, long, red tapered candle. The galleries are basically laid out just like TIGHT photo sets, with the gals undressing and eventually spreading for you.

Amateur Teen Pussy (<http://www.teenp-u-s-s-y.com/>) has 10 teeny weeny thumbnails of pics so tasteful you could practically show them to your mom. No pink to be seen. It says, "These teen babes are hot and horny and just love to fuck, suck dick, eat pussy, play with toys and explore every means of carnal knowledge," but I guess not while the camera is on them. They do update "regularly," so take a look and see if they turned up the heat at all.

Lisbeth (<http://www.southerncharm.com/lisbeth/>) is 22 years old but looks younger. This is her homepage. She's a redhead from Denmark who doesn't shave—anywhere. Not her bush, not her armpits, not her legs. She also doesn't wear makeup. Okay, that may sound horrific, but she's actually very cute—slightly pudgy, with sweet little titties. I think you'll like her. When I visited, there were some nice shots of her tied spread-eagled to the bed. I counted 17 very amateur pics in all, and it looks like they update regularly, though it doesn't actually state as much.

There is some really, really good stuff at **Young Teens** (<http://www.young-teens.com/>), a site recommended to me by "Tennessee1." I counted about 55 free thumbnails, which is great for a pay site. They even include some hardcore, a great set with a gal in a tutu fucking and sucking 2 guys at once. Not every single model looks like a teen, and there are your standard silicone Barbie dolls, but overall it looks great. Categories include anal, Asian, blonde, brunette, fuck, cumshot, lesbian and orgy. If you want to join, it's \$12.95 a month, which may well be worth it.

Youthful Teens (<http://www.youngsexpics.com/>) is another great site, this one totally free. There are six models, all between 18 and 20 years old. They're all young and pretty, but I know for a fact TIGHT's editor-in-chief Dian would want to wipe all the makeup off their faces. You will love the shot of "China" spread-legged with her pussy lips poking through her short-shorts. Panty fans will enjoy blonde Hayley. Lisa is a sweet, wholesome-looking British girl. There are about 10 shots of each model. Definitely check this one out.

I'm not thrilled with the way the photos are set up on **Young Nude Beauties** (<http://www.pornoz.com/ynb/>). You only get to see the gals from the waist up, and when you click on some pics they blow up to twice the size of your monitor (well, my monitor, anyway), so you have to scroll up and down to get a good look. But the gals are young, and nude, and beautiful, and there are many of them! There are a few silicone basketballs, but they are in the minority. There are four thumbnail galleries, each with 16 photos. One of the pics even moves! You get to watch a sweetie pleasure herself. This site is a great deal, and a must-visit.

Ugly Asian Teen (<http://www.teenforever.com/uglyasian/>) just contains 25 thumbnails of one gal. She is not at all ugly, in my opinion. She's cute. A little plain, perhaps, but that's not the same thing. She's skinny and has short hair and a little nose. You get to see her strip out of a white T-shirt and cut-offs, and when she spreads her legs, you can see her little pink pussy lips poking out from her black pubic hair. If this is ugly, I'd like to see what they think is beautiful.

Tiny Tina's Wet Spot Page (<http://www.condomth.com/members/sexx/tinytina/>) is just 10 pics of a sweet natural blonde gal. In her leather jacket and shiny black shoes, she looks kind of silly, but eventually she takes them off and then she's adorable. It's not much, but it's worth a look.

There are some really nice pictures at **Teen Russia** (http://www.canadian-amateurs.com/russian_teens/), if you can find them. There are 20 thumbnails in all. One gal is skinny and has long hair and big eyes—beautiful but not a teen (or maybe life is hard in Mother Russia). But there are enough pretty gals here to make it worth your while.

Teen Black Amateurs (<http://www.teenblackamateurs.com/>) is really "Teen Black Amateur," 'cause there's only one model here. Nkosa is her name, and she's 18 years old. She looks a little nervous, and the shots aren't very creative (she's standing the whole time) but she does get nekkid and she does have a youthful body.

That's it for this month! Take care and have fun.

age

18

from Northeast Utah



ambler

blast from the
past



So funny taking the bus home to visit during semester break!

I'd only been away at state six months, but it felt like a lifetime. Everything looking the same, but different—like smaller? I was going to walk, but then it started kind of raining—that's when this car pulled over and splashed me! Ordinarily I'd never talk to strangers, but then from his uniform I recognized that it was Mike the Crossing Guard! He wanted to know how come my parents didn't pick me up, and when I explained they were at my grandma's in Ohio he insisted on giving me a ride. Then he insisted on carrying my bag in, which was so sweet.



Mike was so fatherly,

like insisting I get out of my wet pants (which were pretty muddy), and told me not to be shy about him seeing me in my underwear. He goes, "It's no less decent than a bathing suit, right?" which made me laugh. But then it was actually kind of weird, 'cause he just kept hanging around, and he pulled his chair up really close to mine, and kept patting my leg and going on about how cute I used to look in my little school uniform. Then he goes, "just exactly how old are you now, Amber?" And when I said 18 1/2, he got this big smile on his face, and I could feel his hand sneaking up my leg, until it was touching me right on my panties! So I scooted back as far as I could, but he just kept reaching between my legs really insistently. Then I totally didn't know what to do, because that seemed kind of over-the-line, but at that same time a crossing guard is practically a policeman, right? And it seemed like one thing just mysteriously led to another. Like he even started undoing my clothes, and when I asked him what was happening he said that I was all grown up, and that's why he was treating me like this. Then he grabbed the top of my panties and pulled them all the way off, and I was so glad they were clean ones. And then he put his face down there and started to lick me right on my secret place, and his chin felt so rough and scratchy!

Mike kept talking about how smooth and sweet I was.

That felt so embarrassing, but at the same time something else that I don't know the word for—like kind of shamefully exciting? Then Mike pulled me down on the little rug, and it seemed like he wanted to do something else to me. He had my legs bent at the knee and spread really wide, and then he licked his finger and started making it go up inside me! It hurt a little bit, but then it wasn't so bad—but then just as I was getting used to it he added another spitty finger and it was like I had to start getting used to it all over again! Then Mike took out his fingers and got on top of me with his thing out. He kept playing with it, and it got really big. And then I could feel him trying to put his thing where his fingers were before! At first it wouldn't go, and then it hurt and Mike put my panties in my mouth to help me be quiet





while he did it. It was so weird to have my legs wrapped around the man who used to help me get across the street—and his little whistle felt so cold against my boobs! Mike kept grunting and making his thing go in and out of me while I stared over his shoulder at an old picture of me from grade school, and it all just felt so confusing. Especially when I started to get these mysterious feelings that are so hard to describe happening down where his thing was going in and out of me. It was like another part of me that I didn't even know about was taking over, and then I started to get this warm feeling rushing between my legs. I guess Mike must have noticed the feeling, too, because then he was just staring at me and groaning with his mouth hanging open, and there was this hot, wet feeling filling me up and spreading around between my legs. Then I could hardly breathe because Mike suddenly got so heavy on top of me.

Afterwards there was a kind of big stain on the rug, but I told Mom the cat threw up and I cleaned it as best as I could. Now Misty's in so much trouble!







Cam mie

age

18

from Pennsylvania



gimme
a
treat!



I felt kind of sad and questioning of my decision, but at the same time excited in an unexpected way I can't describe. He said he was giving me "a good fucking" (that's the words he used!), and I looked back over my shoulder at him, and behind him I could see his brother looking through the shelf from the next aisle. He was spying through the space between the cans while Mohammad kept making his thing explore my pussy, and then I could feel this hot sticky wetness dripping down my thighs. Finally I whispered that his brother was watching us, and Mohammad said, "He'll just have to wait his turn."

But what happened after that I'm still too shy to talk about!

He turned me around and told me to hold onto the table where the slicer is, and then he pulled my panties down. I could feel his big

fingers touching me for a long time. I thought he must have something on his fingers because they felt so slippery and I asked him what it was, but he said it was just me. Then I felt something huge reaching up inside me for the very first time in my life and I asked him how many fingers he had in there and he laughed and said "One, so far." He was squatted down behind me watching his fingers go inside me for a long time, and I could hear him breathing really hard like he was concentrating. Then he stood up, and then it felt so huge going in, I was like "How many fingers is that!" But he had both hands on my hips, and I realized that he was making his big thing go inside me and it was my very first one. Then



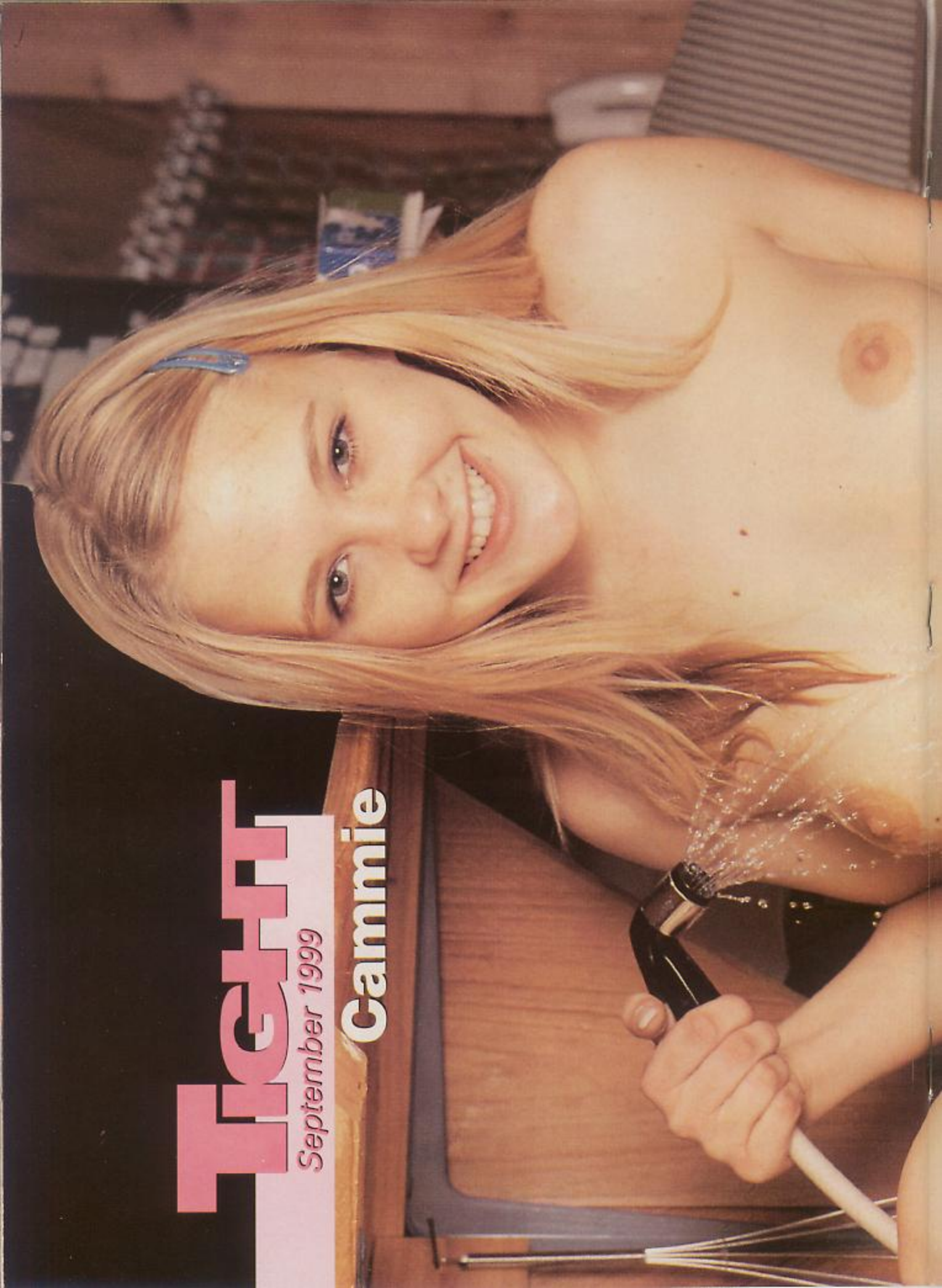






TiFF
September 1999

Cammie



TIGHT

September 1999

Cammie



this month: Tampa, FL

TIGHT

2000

The ultimate
TIGHT girl
for the new
millennium!

SUPERMODEL SEARCH CONTEST

THE SEARCH CONTINUES!!!

Welcome to round two of TIGHT 2000—the nationwide search for the ultimate TIGHT girl! We recently hosted our second contest, at Déjà Vu Showgirls Club in Tampa, Florida. Once word got out, the coeds began to converge—not just from the Sunshine State, but from as far away as Mississippi! Used to hardened strippers, the crowd was overwhelmed at the sight of so much



young stuff. Even with a big-boobed show dancer stripping on the main stage, when the guys got a look at all the TIGHT-worthy girls we were herding onto the side stage, the audience shifted so fast it was a good thing we weren't on a ship—we would've keeled over! As one excited patron who identified himself as "Dwayne" put it, "I'd rather get one peek of them girl-titties than see those pro's spread wide-open!" It was the usual struggle to get these shy girls to show their stuff, but eventually peer pressure and audience expectation compelled these coeds to expose every inch of their blushing young bods while the guys screamed themselves hoarse for this month's five happy winners...



Shae age 18

this blonde cutie loves dancing and playing tennis



Julia *age 19*

hopes someday to be a famous singer



TIGHT's managing editor Paislee conducted the following brief interview with the girls immediately after the contest, while they gigglingly passed the phone from hand to hand:

Paislee: How did you hear about the contest?

Nina: On line. I was in this coed chatroom, and a couple of girls were talking about it like it was so terrible, but you could tell they totally wanted to do it.

Paislee: What was your most embarrassing moment?

Julia: When me and Shae had to compare our butts side-by-side while the crowd picked the winner. I won even though Shae's is way nicer!

Paislee: What made you want to compete in the contest?

Ava: [strong drawl] Well, I'm over here visiting from Mississippi—Misty, she's a friend of mine? And she had already heard about it and I guess we kind of dared each other into it. [lots of giggling]

Paislee: What was the hardest thing you had to do to win?

Ava: Get naked! That was hard, for sure!

Paislee: What would you do if you looked out and your family was in the audience?

Shae: After I died?! [laughs] Seriously, I did the whole [beauty] pageant thing when I was little, so they'd probably be accepting of it. Maybe not at first, though!

Paislee: So what's everybody going to do now?

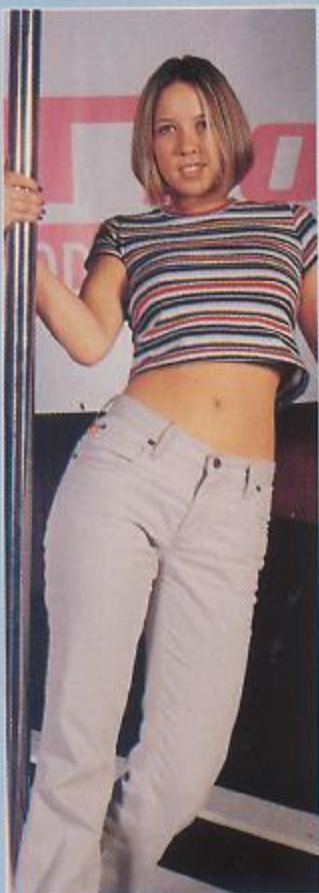
Nina: [after some conferring] Well, some guys said they're having a party back at their place, and I think a bunch of us are going over there for now.

Paislee: Have fun! And good luck to each of you in the final contest!



Misty *age 18*
this brainiac's
major is veterinary medicine





Ava age 19
super-shy, with a honeyed
Southern drawl



Nina *age 19*
this tiny teen is barely 4'11"



CONTEST RULES

1. All girls are eligible for the elimination round.
2. Youth, innocence and fresh natural beauty determine the winners.
3. The final decision rests with the judges, and audience response is definitely taken into account.
4. Five girls from each locale will be selected as finalists, with an immediate award of \$100, and the opportunity to do a photo-spread.
5. Finalists who complete a full layout are then eligible to compete for the Grand Prize: The title of Ultimate Tight Girl For The Millennium, which includes a deluxe photo-spread in TIGHT, and a check for \$2000!

THE SEX-PHILES

MANGEROOTICA



xxx files

In two adventures per issue, **Sex-Philes**, a little b/w comic series by Mangerotica, tracks Japanese cartoon coeds undergoing the deflowering of their 18-year-old cherry-blossoms: **Number 1** features the adventures of a budding art class model and a student painter attempting to immortalize her. The second half of the mag exposes a possibly mad but definitely horny scientist involved in some very X-rated experimentation. **Number 2** follows a sunburned chicklette on Spring Break whose adventures include devirginization. The second story explores the hazards of public restrooms as our hapless heroine confronts two blue-collar types who definitely intend to violate more than her privacy; so overwhelmed is she by the ensuing double-penetration she helplessly drenches the perpetrators with a gushing golden whiz! **Number 3** demonstrates coed sickroom etiquette: first you administer a thorough sponge bath (paying special attention to her most private regions, of course); then once that pussy is scrubbed into a state of overwhelming juiciness, insert your handy meat thermometer to register that internal temp—and don't forget to apply a healing poultice of hot cum to her face. Sure cure for what ails ya! The second half of this one features a very frisky hand of strip poker.

Sex-Philes

\$3.95 per vol. from EROS/Fantagraphics

PO Box 25070, Seattle WA 98125

1-800-657-1100

visit their website at: <http://eroscomix.com>

sex weekend

Shane's video adventures have the feel of a wild weekend party: thumping music, throbbing cocks pounding pulsating pussies, wall-to-wall action. Girls start stripping, teasing the guys—as well as the other girls, proving the old suspicion that any time you get some over-stimulated coeds together there's always the potential for a lesbo meltdown. With the girls circling each other like snatch-crazed piranha, the guys have to move in fast to nail their fair share of coed pussy. Yes, an orgy is more-or-less inevitable; pretty soon they're going at it in all kinds of imaginative combinations, and it's definitely no holes barred. **Shane's World, Vol. 16** is like a buncha college kids on an out-of-control spring sex-break. Wouldn't you just love to join in?

Shane's World, Vol. 16

Odyssey Group Video

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Turning 18 and going away to college was so confusing!

It was like the boys suddenly noticed me for the first time, and they kept wanting me to do stuff I knew was wrong. And it's really hard to make them stop, because sometimes it was like I wasn't totally sure I even wanted them to. I got so mixed up I decided to go talk it over with Mr. Crandle. He's been my special older friend ever since I belonged to Science Club. Even though that was a long time ago, sometimes I still go visit him at his house.

It was hard to talk about it, but Mr. Crandle listened so patiently. Then he leaned close, like he was going to tell me a secret.







"You remember when we learned about how a caterpillar turns into a beautiful butterfly?"

At first I nodded, but he was touching my T-shirt over my boobs, and that felt so ticklish that I giggled and grabbed his hands. "Well, that's just what's happening to you, Stacy," and the way he was gently smiling down at me made me feel like he really understood everything. Then he started lifting my shirt, and I confessed I was too shy, because my boobs haven't finished growing up yet. But he goes, "Honey, your little puffies are so special." And I could tell he really meant it, because he kissed them for a really long time. That felt like a surprise I never expected! I asked him what he was pulling my jeans and panties down for, but he said for me to stop thinking so much, and that I should just wait and see. So then I quit trying to stop him, even when he began to lick up and down where I go pee! I was feeling so wet and warm between my legs, like I was a little warm puddle.





him sliding more and more of his thing in and out of me, and even though it still felt huge, it wasn't hurting as much. But it was going so deep inside me! It felt really big and aching, and at the same time he had his fingers around my nipples, pinching them really hard, and making them all hot and burning for what seemed like forever. And then it was like I could feel a bunch of tiny jolts from my boobs all the way down between my legs, and I was getting even hotter and wetter down there. I just felt like I was slipping down a warm slide, and getting strange feelings that made me kind of cry. I could feel a big puddle of warm liquid slipping around where his thing was sliding into me, and I felt so wet and different down there. And then Mr. Crandle told me what a big girl I was, and he said that now I was all grown up, inside and out.



Then he asked me if I was ready for the next step.

I told him I didn't know what that meant, and he slowly unzipped his pants and took out his thing and showed it to me. It was kind of scary looking! But when he asked me if I trusted him, I said I did, and while I was watching he started making it touch me right between my legs. And then he started trying to make it fit up inside me! He kept squeezing it really hard up against me, and even though I knew he didn't mean to, it was really kind of hurting me. But then, little by little, it started to go where he wanted. Mr. Crandle was kissing me some more on my mouth, and I could feel his thing start sliding up inside me. He was saying what a good girl I was, and how special, and I could feel









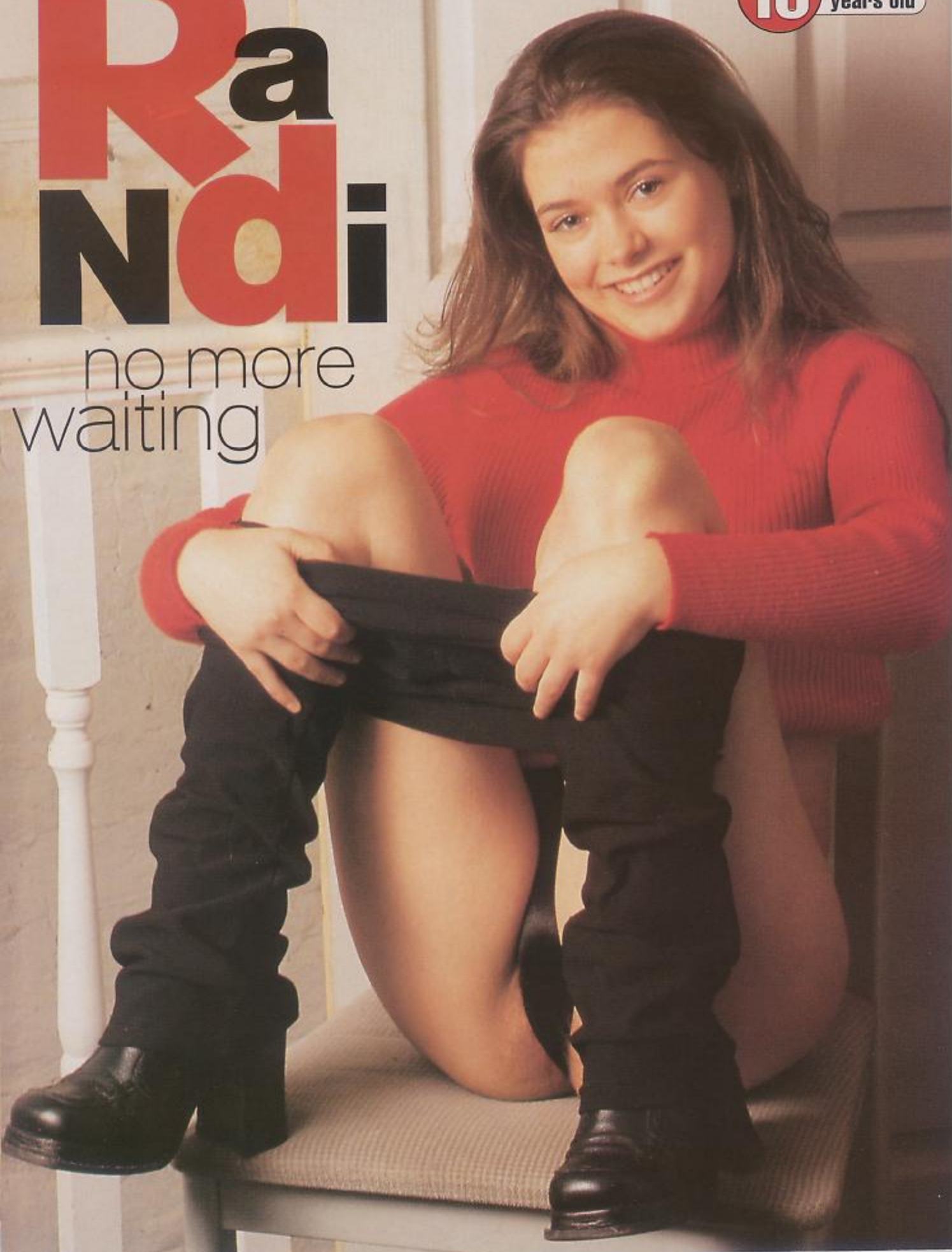
from Alberta, Canada

18

years old

Ra Ndi

no more
waiting





There's a major drawback about living with my mom.

Even though I have my own separate part of the house, as far back as I can remember we've always had this competitive thing. Seriously, she looks like a movie star—she even did nude modeling before! And even though I'm 18 now, I still feel like some totally undeveloped ugly little troll doll next to her.

Maybe that's why it took me so long to catch on that my mom's new boyfriend Kyle liked me. Like he bought me this adorable little stuffed toy pig, and you could tell my mom didn't like that. (Which I totally loved!) Then one day I was scoping out my mom's closet, trying on her fancy underwear and stuff. I thought I was the only one home, but then Kyle was standing there saying what a little "hottie" I was. I go, "Not compared to Mom, I'm not." But he goes, "Baby, you're way hotter!" At first I thought he was teasing, but then I could tell he meant it, because

he just leaned over and kissed my mouth. That was kind of a shock, because I'd never been kissed by a real man before. Then he told me I was too old to still be a virgin, and he was going to take care of it, and I could feel his hand sliding inside my mom's panties! I go, "What about Mom?" And Kyle goes, "I won't tell, if you don't." And I felt so scared, but at the same time so grown up—like I was doing something wrong and dirty, but so exciting.



Then Kyle was unhooking my bra.

Somehow we ended up sitting down on the rug with Kyle's penis in my face. I kept turning my head, but I could feel it against my cheek, and sliding over my lips, and it felt so hot and sweaty. And then he told me to open my mouth, and when I did he made it go inside! Then he started pushing it in and out between my lips, and he told me to suck on it. So I tried to do that, but then he goes, "Don't make me cum!" It was almost like he was mad, and I was only trying to do what he said! But then he took it out and acted friendly again.







He was holding himself over me, rubbing the end of his thing up and down on my pussy until it got all wet and slippery. And then

he shifted his weight, and started trying to make it go inside me! It was so big and painful, and I was trying to scooch back, but there wasn't any room. He said it always hurt the first time, and that I'd get used to it, but it was so uncomfortable that I just kept squirming around underneath him, and that seemed to be making it go in even more! Then finally he just laid real still on top of me and took my hand and made me feel that his whole penis was inside my pussy. And after that he held my hand down there so I could feel him sliding in and out of me. He did it so slowly, and for such a long time, until it felt like my pussy was on fire, and when he got off me I felt so strangely wet down there, and I could feel myself trembling with a new kind of excitement.

Afterwards he told me my pussy felt way tighter and better than my mom's ever did. Which was way more than I wanted to know about that.



